THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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BY THE EASY CLUB.

" *The worst of cowardice is that base fear*
" *Which dreads the scorn of fools, the coxcomb's sneer;*
" *Makes man, the bubble honour to defend,*
" *Insult his* GOD *and sacrifice his friend.*

PERHAPS there is no subject which has oftener employed the pen of the moralits and the divine, than the wicked practice of *Duelling*; and it is certainly highly necessary that every periodical publication which is intended either for the instruction or amusement of the rising generation, should occasionally be furnished with essays on this subject, calculated to fortify the minds of youth with sufficient resolution to enable them to resist the fashionable impulse of raising their fame by the deliberate murder of a fellow-creature; a practice which outrages humanity, is disgraceful to us as reasonable beings, and repugnant to every principle of natural and revealed religion.

The distinction between true and false honour is well marked in the following essay, and we hope will be attentively considered by such of our readers as have any doubts on the subject; the arguments, if not entirely new to all our readers, will at least be found interesting from their arrangement.

Mr. Easy,

The following essay contains my deliberate, and I hope, immoveable opinion on the subject of Duelling. I am a young man, and if I know my constitution, I think not a coward; but I am afraid to fight a duel. I will thank you therefore to conceal my real name, for if it were known that I would not fight, I should be immediately harrassed with challenges, and every paltry fellow would chuse to establish a fashionable reputation upon me.

Duelling was introduced into Europe by those barbarous nations who overcame and extinguished the Roman empire, in the early ages of the christian æra. The want of those laws which are capable of regulating and restraining the actions of men in society, caused a kind of necessity for adopting this cruel expedient. Hence we find that *Trial by Combat* was an article of jurisprudence among the Feudal Nations; and that, when a calumny could not be proved, or a case occurred which could not be rendered certain by evidence, the parties engaged in battle, as if it had been perfectly certain, that the victory would not be to the strong, but to the person whose cause was just, though in prowess far inferior to his antagonist. This species of trial was regarded as an *appeal to heaven*, and the victory as a righteous decision of Him who knew the hearts as well as the actions of mankind. Whether our modern duellists are actuated by the same motives as their rude predecessors, or whether they are merely influenced by that *honour* which teaches them to fear the scoffs of ideots and gamblers, more than the abhorrence of virtuous men, or whether they are hurried on by a desire to display that obstinate and desperate bravery, of which they suppose themselves possessed, is perhaps not in my power to determine. But if I may be allowed to conjecture the motive, from the character of the men, I would say that it must be one of the latter motives which actuates them; for I am much mistaken if duellists would not rather shun than demand a decision from that God who hates them.

Among the ancient nations with whom this abominable practice originated, we find the supreme executive power extremely limited. Their king, to whom the execution of those rude laws which governed them was entrusted, found himself incapable of coping with the power of the nobles. They, discontented with imperfect laws, claim-

ed a right of doing justice to themselves, and gratifying their revenge by the exercise of their own right hand. This right, which is the true origin of Duelling, was the cause of those private wars, which for many centuries disturbed the various nations of Europe.

When we observe that military feats were the only honourable employment among these nations, we will not be astonished that they preserved this right so jealously. So eager were they to retain it, that we find them forcing nature, throwing aside all animosities, and leaguing with their most inveterate enemies to defend it against the encroachments of their king.

Although this account of Duelling gives to it a more honourable origin than some are willing to allow, yet it certainly is not much to be boasted of, since its ruinous tendency was perceived even by the ignorant princes of those barbarous ages, who exerted all their prerogative for the suppression of so horrid a practice. Here we have some colouring of pretence for the adoption of this system, and I am convinced that this is the true origin of Duelling, for unless it had been introduced under the specious appearance of aiding the law, of avenging justice, it never would have found its way into any society whatever.

Although we find that Duelling has fallen into ridicule and contempt in proportion to the progress of civilization in society; yet we have still the mortification to see that it prevails in our days, even among nations where it is punished by a severe penalty, and where law and equity are sufficient for the distribution of justice to every individual.

If a duellist is asked why he is willing to assist in continuing this practice? He replies "my honour demands it." And this certainly is a very poor apology; for the honour which they boast of is a very infamous one indeed. Let us contrast it with *real honour*.

Real honour is the inseparable attendant and reward of virtue; false honour, or fashionable honour, is a mere gothic phantom, dependent on custom, and the opinions of duellists, gamblers and highwaymen. The first is either *active* or *passive*; active as it denotes such a sense of the beauty of virtue, as prompts men to honourable actions—passive, as it denotes the respect that the virtuous receive from others. Honour is rarely used in the first of these senses, and most commonly signifies a submission to the opinions of the profligate. Men of false honour annex the idea of meanness to some bad actions, but not to others. Thus—it is infamous to steal, but not to commit adultery; and it is *honourable* to kill or be killed in a duel. In short they reckon no action base if a man is willing to fight for it. The honour of blowing a man's brains out is sufficient to wipe away all the infamy which would be attached to a duellist for having debauched a wife or a daughter.

As the conduct of the duellist depends entirely upon the opinions of others—as he has no principles but such as fluctuate and become right or wrong according to the uncertain judgments of the most foolish and wicked part of mankind, it is evident that such a man cannot be trusted with safety. What security can he give for his faithfulness? Is he not bound by his most ordinary maxims to defend the greatest crimes? It would be wise for every man, except such as are weary of their lives and seeking for an opportunity of losing them, to avoid carefully every communication with men of this description. For a man, whose only *honour* is that of a duellist, cannot be a faithful friend, or an useful member in society.

As we find no *reason* to support this too prevalent practice, but on the contrary find it directly opposite to every thing that is reasonable—to every thing that is favourable to a regular distribution of justice, or conducive to the true interest and happiness of society; we are justifiable in concluding that it is a species of mania, and that the ordinary remedies of madness would not be improperly applied as its cure—bleeding and low diet—clean straw and a dark room.

It is much to be lamented that no method has as yet been found sufficiently efficacious in restraining and abolishing this murderous practice. The laws of all nations are defective in this respect, either in themselves or for want of sufficient rigour in the execution of them.

Gustavus Vasa, king of Sweden, hearing of a duel between two of his courtiers, begged to be a witness of their valour, but came attended by an executioner. "Now," says he, "Gentlemen, fight till one of you is slain; I "have given orders to strike off the head of the survivor." And the edict of Louis the 14th was equally severe with the order of Gustavus. By it the survivor was hanged by the neck and the slain combatant by the heels, on the same gibbet. The punishment of murder in a duel, by death, appears not to be too severe; for it is to be supposed that each wishes to take away the life of his antagonist in preference to losing his own. And it is but just that blood should be given for blood. It will be urged by duellists that they may fight duels without ever having a design to take away the life of their opponents—that they are forced to it by the fear of being branded *coward*, which they reckon even more infamous than *murderer*—that they would sacrifice every thing rather than their *honour*. But

this silly reasoning is worthy of its authors. The amount of it is—that they will defy the laws of their country—provoke the God that made them, and by committing murder render themselves detestable in the eyes of every virtuous and honourable man, rather than lose the applause of the most contemptible part of mankind, whose good opinion would disgrace even a moderately virtuous man. They do all this to preserve their honour, which they fancy they possess, but which they are as ignorant of, either theoretically or experimentally, as they are of virtue.

In the city of Malta, all duels were formerly appointed to be fought in the great square at midday, and if either a woman or a priest forbad the combatants to proceed they were obliged to desist. This remedy, though not so rigorous as the former two, might perhaps be more effectual, if the knights and citizens of Malta paid more respect to the laws of their country than we do; which is extremely probable from the strength and vigour which they have frequently displayed. Dr. Swift was of opinion that duels ought not to be prohibited, as they never could take away any life that was worth preserving, and that honest men had no concern in what manner knaves and fools contrived to rid the world of each other.

The professed object of duelling (although it generally has no object) is to preserve polite behaviour and genteel deportment in society. This would be much better secured by just sentiments and social affections, than by the fear of death.

If duelling has this blessed effect, which I can by no means admit, it is purchased by society at an awful price—Dreadful compromise between duellists and society! The fashionable complaisances, decencies and politeness of the day, (which at best are but artificial) are preserved—in return a violation of moral and religious principle, and the very law which society herself has made, is permitted. I would ask, what is the friendship of a fellow worth, who appears to respect you, and is complaisant to you merely because he fears your displeasure? It would be a blessed state of society indeed if decent deportment and the friendly intercourse of life had no better principle to rest upon.

ALCANDER.

My ears with female scolding ring.....Imit. of Sappho.

I must confess that I feel most sincerely obliged to my fellow-members for the liberty of a hearing, which they are so kind as to say I ought to have. They were not content with snatching my *hints* with which I was about to light a segar, but they have published them, and provoked an hornet's nest, which I fear will not soon be quieted. The consequences of its publication evince how well calculated it was for the purposes for which it was destined—its inflammability has set on fire some fair ones who had much better been mending their stockings—"Two at a time are more than one man can bear," says a song which was once warbled by every pretty mouth in the British dominions, and worked on their 'kerchiefs or displayed on their tuckers. What then will be thought of the situation of a lazy lounger, such as I am, who finds himself stung "*severely*" and "*rarely*" by the *rhymes* of "*Eight Ladies*"—and quite anathematized by the effusion of "Helena," who like the maddened dame of Troy rages without knowing why. But "pitiful abuse" and "ridiculous jargon" are soft terms to that used by the soaring "Edith," who without hesitation calls me a "*Whimsical Traitor.*" When my friend Frankly first read her rant to me, the similarity of sound made me think I had received a compliment, and that I was about to be dubbed a *Traiteur* to the ladies. But I am most wofully disappointed: instead of good words I have received nothing but stripes. And with this these fair ladies, who set on me with *tooth and nail*, content themselves. Their letters exemplify, in a striking manner, the truth of one of the remarks on which they lavish such unqualified abuse. I mean, that *they can talk whole hours about nothing at all!* more than three columns of the invaluable Companion without one single argument! O! *trumpery!* said old Cicero, when he spoke of the dresses of the Roman dames, and so he would exclaim again, if he were to read the scribbling of the Baltimore *ten*.

But what right have these ladies to abuse *me*, who am idle and inoffensive, and always sedulous to please them by *listening* most attentively to them until I quite gape with fatigue, paying them compliments until my tongue is almost blistered, and stooping for their fans and ridicules, to the great discomposure of the finest positions that Indolence herself could fancy? I entrenched myself behind the authority of a "European Essayist," and I again disclaim, as I did before, all the merit of the "Hints" but that of *communicating* them to the "female readers."—For such a present I modestly asked only an invitation to their "feasts," not meaning a feast of *tongues*.

To borrow an expression of my friend Edith, which I suppose means something, let me but *pace the flowry aisles* without interruption, from any but those who have *real* cause, and can give a better than what Orlando calls, "a woman's reason" for a contradiction, and I promise to offend no one. These fair accusers having stated no specific

fact against me, I content myself with the plea of not guilty, and leave them to pare their nails and sharpen their pens for another attack. WILL WHYMSICAL.

THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE III.

'From bounteous Nature's unexhausted stores
'Flows the pure fountain of sincere delight;
'Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours—
'Sleep drowns the day, and Riot rules the night'.

I was walking slowly up the long aisle, which divides the Gardens into the eastern and western ends, with my hat drawn down over my forehead—for I was really unwilling to let it be known that I visited such places—when what must have been my surprise on perceiving, as I suppos'd, the figure of Leander! As the object advanced towards me from the back part of the enclosure, which part is not lighted up, I perceived plainly it was he. Having my back to the lights, I walked apparently inattentively along without being recognized. There is something mysterious here, thought I. And to examine the case a little, I seated myself under a tree, out of view.

THE COLUMBIAN GARDENS—'BY AUTHORITY!' are famous in Baltimore, because of the Indian Chiefs exhibiting a grand national ceremony here for the gratification of the citizens; on which occasion I myself attended—and from his assiduity and attention to please, I thought Mr. Leaman deserved handsome remuneration of the expence he incurred in fitting up the place. Since that time until the present, I had not re-visited the place. But the Gardens, I had understood, were converted into a *Summer Theatre*, with stage and orchestra erected, where a detachment from the Baltimore company of Comedians under Mr. DURANG, amuse the Bucks and Doxies of the town. Against the principle of well-regulated Theatres, I have nothing here to advance; nor have I any objection to the managership of Mr. Durang, whose merit, in its proper place, will ever be rewarded, by a liberal people: But I am fully of opinion that the existence of any cause, which operates to demoralize the community, is to be regretted by all who have regard for publick virtue and national respectability. If the minds of the common people (on whose integrity and good sense, the very existence of our government in a sound state, must in a great measure depend)—if the minds of the common people, are diverted from every thing useful or serious; if by bringing the populace together in large moonshine assemblies, where no useful lessons are taught—but where, in the midst of riot and dissipation, Immorality reigns predominant, and her throne is supported by the flower and the leaders of the gang;—if by such means, you render vice pleasing, and irreligion popular, you prove yourself not only a traitor to the republick, but a daring enemy of God. In which case, without sincere repentance, you will, and you ought to be damned!

In the midst of these reflections, I had become so abstracted as to forget both *time and place*; and, growing rather warm in the cause, I pronounced aloud the concluding clause of the last sentence, just as a young man of spirit was walking by in the dark, in company with a lady who could not be imposed upon me for a Diana. Thinking, no doubt, I was some over-religious recluse, watching the manœuvres of Sin, he, after a characteristick preface of oaths and imprecations, demanded what business *I* had here?

Very true, says I, this question is in its proper place—but I am not in mine, I confess. Being no way enamoured of broken heads, nor passionately in love with either clenched fists or bullets, I very prudently begged his pardon; adding, as was most truly the case, that I was not addressing them. As the *gentleman* had other (nameless) business to attend to, he very kindly let me off—much to the well-being of my body, and greatly to my own private satisfaction.

Though I was not disposed to inform SWAGGERLEWD of the cause of my entering here, yet, Mr. Easy, to you, as to a great Moral Confessor, I will give an account of this adventure. And as you have published an account of my former rambles, for the amusement of your readers, so will you use this as you may think best comports with their interest, and the prosperity of your labours.

In the first place then, had you opened the door of my study, about eight o'clock, P. M. the scene would have been thus:

RARIO, *solus*—Sitting in an old chair with one arm—his left elbow on an old poplar table, whose top much haggled by several generations of children, had been painted red—his head inclining to the south, and window-wards, supported by the left hand—on either end of the table lay, without order, books and white paper—in his right hand an anonymous author, in whom Rario with great earnestness was reading this passage:

——'I took her right hand, and held it within my 'left; she was on my right side. I placed my right el-'bow against the ledge of the window, with my cheek 'pressed in the palm of my hand. I looked at her full in 'in the face, with the eye of contemplation—she did the 'same by me; and I perceived that she saw into the very

'bottom of my soul—and that we understood each other 'perfectly! It was a conversation of the eyes. O tread 'lightly ye fairies!'——

No more, says I, throwing down the book—it was Lavinia, whose hand he held; and holding it is warring against me—I cannot bear it.

I had waited patiently an hour over the time appointed by Leander to call on me. I had no longer any expectation that he would come—so I put on my hat, extinguished the taper on the table, and marched off to seek him.—Coming down Market-Street, I met with an acquaintance, who asked me if I was going to the Gardens? Like most other people whose heads are filled with their own adventures, instead of answering the question, I asked if any thing uncommon was to be seen to-night? He said the entertainment was common enough *there*—but seeing my friend Leander in the Gardens as he came out, he thought I might possibly be on my way thither. I thought it strange that Leander would rather go to such a place than fulfil the promise he had made—and on parting with my acquaintance, I determined to know the bottom of it.—Accordingly I paid twenty-five cents for admittance to the entertainment—which consisted of scenick representations, fire-works, balancing, riding, &c. &c. as per *bills*—together with some movements in the front and back grounds, which my pencil seems unwilling to exhibit on paper, and of which, perhaps, you can form a tolerable idea without such assistance.

Soon after my arrival, I found myself in the situation before described, at the upper end of the principal walk.

Escaping from the difficulty into which my

MEDITATIONS ON SIN

had well nigh reduced me, I came downward and mixed with such an assembly as would disgrace any civilized country, where I was resolved to see and learn as much as I could for my twenty-five cents. The first remarkable personage who struck my eye, was a *steady* member of the Easy Club!

Is it possible, grave man, says I, as I clapped him on the shoulder, that you can so soon descend from your dignified station—you, one of the learned six,* who dictate moral law to the polite circles in which your papers circulate? Permit me to explain to you, interrupted the moralist—but pray, Mr. Rario, triumphantly asked Leander, who stood behind the other, have we not caught you rather unexpectedly! After a friendly rebuke, addressed to Leander, which relieved his countenance of the air of triumph, so unaptly assumed, I told them the whole story as above related; which afforded a hearty laugh for the associate Dictator.

'Rario, said Mr. Steady, I could cheerfully forgive 'your rambling into this place, even were the cause not 'as you have related—because I am well aware, that by 'an occasional peep into places which will not even bear 'naming in the chaste sheet which we issue for the perusal, instruction, and amusement, of the learned, the 'youth, and the virtuous, you may gain that kind of in-'formation for which we will always thank you—whilst 'at the same time, I am convinced that such occasional 'scenes of depravity and wickedness are incapable of 'weakening fixed principles of virtue, but will operate 'rather otherwise.'

I was much pleased with this short addrses from him, which contained within a small compass a full and satisfactory defence of us both. For I must here beg leave, Mr. Easy, to enter my protest against a certain description of prejudiced, mechanical moralists, who condemn indiscriminately every thing that has ever been deemed of immoral tendency, without ever condescending to examine or enquire into the merits or demerits of any practice or institution, which some senseless zealot may have denounced.

Just at this time we were very insultingly addressed by the gentleman from whom I had a few minutes before received some very ill-language. He had overheard our remarks on the tendency of the institution—and was greatly enraged by one sentiment which fell from your assistant: which was, that inasmuch as the moral of a good play, and its elegant language and the dignity of good acting, were altogether compelled to give way to the low buffoonery of the theatre and the mad licentiousness of the mob, the bringing together so many idlers in this resort of dissipation, had an absolute tendency to vitiate the taste and relax the morals of the city. This *spirited fellow* roared and flourished a good deal; but fortunately he did not devour us.

I thought this fellow an arrant blockhead, to be sure—but Leander pretended otherwise. He said whenever he met with any one of these fire-flies who pronounced himself a d—— spirited and clever fellow, he took it for granted the man knew more of himself than he did, and always respected him accordingly!

A fellow of this description, continued Leander, is very sure he never did any thing wrong. If you express any doubt of the solidity of his brain, or the correctness of his morals, in order to prove himself what he professes to

* I Think in your second number you gave an account of five associates, who, if I understand it, form the Easy Club.

be, he will most likely demand an opportunity to shoot you—and if you are such a fool that you can take no delight in the idea of deliberate murder, why he will——

Here my friend's speech was abruptly broken off by a tumultuous huzzaing towards the house. With a curiosity very common in man—and even in woman too—we turned about to enquire whether a band of rival devils had forced into the gardens; when we were not a little diverted with the ludicrous procession which was witnessed. It seems that this night was for the benefit of the proprietor—on which occasion (with all that attention to propriety and religion which characterizes these midnight orgies and their *praiseworthy* conductors) he was to bring, "*for the first time*," his young daughter on the stage, for the purpose of "speaking a speech!" Here he comes.

Make way! make way! re-echoed from every side, whilst the motly cavalcade, to the no small diversion of the *sovereign throng*, moved forward in absurd and awful majesty. At the head of the troop was the christian parent, mounted, all in regimentals, on his fiery Rozinante. His majesty held, "high raised in the unopposing air," a matchless blade, whose burlesque edge might well defy a wind-mill's surliest spike to dull it!

Close after this dread personage followed a number of the corps, all mounted. They were proceeding onwards as fast as his majesty's heralds at arms could clear the way, in the midst of the most terrifying noise that need be heard on this side Bedlam, when a scene very different, and which bespoke very little civilization, but much against the respectability of this genteel place, drew our attention to another quarter. From repeated cries of a female voice, we were induced to suspend our mirth, that we might be of service even to the lowest grade of womankind. Off hands, barbarian! exclaimed Leander, as he flew to the relief of an unfortunate girl, who, on being accused by her hostess of intent to walk off with a quart tumbler, which had improperly stuck to her, was got into the hands of a courageous gang of ruffians, whose only apparent superiority over the inhabitants of the fields and forests was, that they possessed the power of speech.

As Steady and Leander came there only to see how low Human Nature can be degraded, (and I for reasons before stated,) I observed to them, that the repeated battles amongst the men (as they are called) and the shameful language and behaviour all round the gardens, might be borne with for a few minutes—but positively I would not see any thing in the shape of woman kicked, and choaked, and abused, as was, to the eternal disgrace of the city, the case this night. It is utterly impossible for me to do justice to the scene—and although it may be common rather to exaggerate than otherwise in telling a story, yet, Mr. Easy, this scene defies injustice in that way. RARIO.

Easy is the way, and passage plain,
To Pleasure's palace; it may soon be spy'd,
And night and day her doors to all stand open wide. SPENCER.

To no divinity is there more obeisance paid, by erring mortals, than to *Pleasure*.——All nations and climes have confessed her prodominant sway, and millions are now prostrated at her shrine. Drest in gaudy habiliaments, and decorated with brilliant ornaments; arrayed in soft atire, and apparent delight enlivening her countenance, man cannot resist her allurements, or his succumbent soul be insensible to the enticements of her enchanting form; and having sipped her luscious potions, he seldom deserts her fascinating banner, or forsakes her luxurious repasts. But when enervating disease essays her strength, and the corroding tooth of concsience knaws his vitals, then the manifold gratifications he received from this enchantress disperse into air—in vain he invokes her wonted enjoyments—in vain he calls upon her divinity to sooth that anguish which preys upon his heart—his voice is not heard—and his invocations are unregarded. The subsequent history will better elucidate these remarks.

Benefitted with an excellent education and accustomed to listen to the voice of sincerity and candour, Eugenius was placed in the counting house of an eminent merchant, and his credulous parents, relying upon the excellent principles they had endeavoured to inculcate in him, never apprenticed him. Fatal delusion! unfortunate mistake! he chanced by a blind fatality, to form an acquaintance with one who stiled himself a *friend*, and he was imperceptibly inducted by this *esteemed friend* into the labyrinth of vice, through the gateway of pleasure; remonstrances being tried in vain, his patron turned him from his threshold, and bade him reform or never again enter. He awoke from his pleasing delirium, recognized himself the victim of misguiding pleasure, and execrated the wretch who had led him from his duty. But he made no attempt to reinstate virtue on that throne which vice and irreligion had usurped; until fortunately his friend was taken dangerously ill—*fortunately* did I say—the result will justify my expression. Alive to all the horrors of his condition, he requested he might behold Eugenius once more; at his approach the wretch extended his hand and addressed him in these words:

'Engenius, urged by rash impetuosity and sensual dic-
'tates, I have erred; and, oh madning thought! I induced

'you to follow my rash conduct. Retract thy indiscreet 'footsteps, and let thy future demeanour be an example of 'morality and religion. Does vice alleviate my sorrow or 'lull my throbbing heart to rest? Does it ameliorate the 'pangs of death or blunt the stings of conscience? No, 'my dear friend, it sharpens that which virtue would as-'suage! I have pursued folly under pleasure's garb, and 'for that happiness I promised myself, have embraced mis-'ery and misfortne! You see how ineffectual are the vain 'boastings of pleasure's devotees. Farewell: pardon my 'past behaviour towards you.'

Receiving the forgivenesss of his injured friend, the cloud that o'ershadowed his brow, dispelled, and joy reillumined his countenance. He languished a few days, and a sincere penitent, expired in the arms of friendship. Eugenius meditating on the sad catrastrophe, saw his folly in relying on those attachments, the "Ephemera of a day," whose seeds are sown by (misnamed) pleasure and nurtured by vice; and reforming his conduct, acquired a blessing enjoyed by too few, a cheerful "easy friend;" whose exemplary character in some future essay I may attempt to delineate.

Thus, Mr. Easy, I have portrayed, under the fictitious name of Eugenius, the life of the *reformed*

GEORGE GRAVITY.

Mr. Easy,

A celebrated natural historian observes that as long as the human body encreases, the skin stretches in proportion, but when by old age the flesh begins to diminish and becomes more compact, the skin not having sufficient elasticity to restore it to its primitive state, forms itself into wrinkles, and thus he accounts for the wrinkles in the face, and pleasantly observes that they follow the disposition of the muscles, and that the different passions and emotions which are expressed on the face leave behind traces and impressions which in old age will be the lines along which wrinkles will form themselves; and upon examination of the face of a young person when in violent agitation, one may perceive already drawn the lines of wrinkles never to be effaced.

As it will be a subject of great consolation to beautiful women, when time (at whose touch beauty shrinks and fades away) has robbed them of the most valuable gift nature can bestow, to have some traces left behind to shew what they once were, this is recommended to their particular attention. When the surface of the water is ruffled by the breeze, a stillness in the air restores it again to its wonted calm; and so to the end of time this calm may succeed its agitation: But not so with the human countenance—In the bloom of youth it is true, when the skin has all its elasticity, the angry passions may continue to distort the face, and the countenance may as often assume its usual serenity; but when age causes the flesh to shrink and the skin to shrivel it will then be too late; the countenance will then in vain attempt to invest itself with those graces which in younger days it could assume with pleasure—wrinkles never to be effaced will form themselves along the lines already traced out for them by the prevailing passions.

How worthy is this of the attention of all young women, particularly of those who depend entirely upon their beauty for preserving the influence they have acquired over the hearts of men, and to whom the preservation of that beauty, or at least some traces of it, even to the last moment of their lives, has always been of the first importance—To those who are already advanced in age, I fear the warning comes too late, already perhaps have their wrinkles assumed their unalterable character; But the young may yet profit by it—When the time comes (and no one can tell the hour) when the passions and emotions, which have so often agitated the female bosom, shall be indeliably stamped upon the face, how mortifying will it be to a beautiful woman before her glass, to behold instead of smiles and dimples, all the turbulent passions reigning with never-ceasing empire, the frowns of anger, malice, hatred, jealousy and revenge indeliably imprinted upon her beautiful and placid countenance!

A WARNING VOICE.

Some time ago, a sailor happening to be in a tavern in London, when the bells were ringing for church, asked what it was for? For church, answered the landlord. "I believe I'll go, replied the sailor, but how must I behave?"—You must sit down in the first vacant seat you see, and not speak until it is out—or they will turn you out. He walked up the aisle, leading to the pulpit, and seats himself along side of the Clerk—who, as usual, when the first part of service was over, cried out *amen*. "Hush! hush! shipmate," whispered Jack, "or they'll turn us both out."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The essay signed MOME was not received until the matter for this week was arranged—it will be inserted next week.

RARIO, we hope, will not censure us for omitting a paragraph in his ramble—though we have no doubt that the circumstances which he relates did actually occur, yet it is not at all times advisable to tell the whole truth.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

To Miss Alæ.

(Tune—Sally in our Alley.)

While lively youths, by nature warm,
  Delight in placid faces,
Are pleas'd with every softer charm
  And doat on timid graces:
My almost frozen heart requires,
  Its spirits dull to rally,
A fair whom sprightliest wit inspires—
  Just such as lovely Sally.

So many charms in her unite
  'Tis heaven to be near her;
For, while her beauties please the sight,
  Her wit delights each hearer:
Should anxious care disturb my breast,
  Bear me to charming Sally
O wings of love! her smiles can best
  My scatter'd spirits rally.

'Tis not her *beauty*, though too fair
  For me to sing her praises,
Her *mind*, endow'd with virtues rare,
  My admiration raises:
While grac'd with beauties so divine,
  O could our wishes tally!
What endless raptures would be mine,
  Bless'd with the love of Sally. J. J. D.

Addressed to a young lady in consequence of her intended visit to a distant state.

Ah! why from your friends will you fly,
  And leave them in sorrow to mourn?
Ah! have they not reason to sigh,
  When so doubtful you make your return?

What hope for relief can they find
  When far distant from her they adore?
Your image will rest on their mind
  But your absence they still must deplore.

The friends you're impatient to see,
  Cannot grieve as a loss they've sustain'd,
The sweet converse they would have with thee,
  Since this pleasure they've not yet obtain'd.

Then do not new friendships prefer
  To those which you know you possess;
Their love cannot be more sincere
  Their endearments perhaps may be less.

The pastimes that here you partake
  Are elegant, pleasing and gay;
Not a swain but is eager to make
  Every month seem as pleasant as May.

And in their endeavours to please
  If a tincture of love they express;
In pity don't frown upon these
  Whom a smile would relieve from distress.

Yet perhaps 'twere less cruel to frown
  Than to smile, where you know you can't love;
If their wishes you never can crown,
  Then do not their incense approve.

With charms such as make you belov'd,
  What heart can resist the soft flame?
What eye can behold you unmov'd,
  Since to see you and love you's the same?

Then must we not envy the lot
  Of the youth who'll be blest with your favour;
Though happy you'll be in his cot
  Yet we lose your dear presence forever

TO SALLY'S LIPS.

Dear balmy lips, of her who holds my heart
  In the soft bondage of a love sincere:
Dear balmy lips! your cherub smiles impart
  To your adoring suppliant's earnest prayer.

Not the fresh rosebud, charg'd with vernal dew,
  Nor the warm crimson of the blushing morn,
  Nor the gay blossom of the summer's thorn,
Are half so glowing or so sweet as you.

Dear lips! permit my trembling lips to press
  Your ripen'd fondness in a tender kiss;
  And, while my throbbing heart avows the bliss,
Will you, dear lips! the eager stranger bless?

"Ah fond request," the beauteous owner cries;
"Cease, wayward youth—whoever touches—dies! TYRO.

To Miss ———— on her recovery from sickness.

Dear to the wanderer on his way
Are the first beams of rising day;
Dear to the sea-boy 'midst the storm
Appears fair Cynthia's silver form;
Dear to his bosom is the gale,
That wafts him to his native vale;
But ah! a thousand times more dear
To me, did your lov'd form appear,
When freed from sickness and from pain
Heav'n gave you to my sight again. B.

Written on a window, under a vow against matrimony.

The lady, who this resolution took,
Wrote it on glass, to shew it *might* be broke.

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